

big drill fields about a mile from this town and we certainly been steppin on the gas and lettin her roll. I would sure hate to be them hunns when this draft army gets started and if they would only let a few draft divisions in the trenches I guess we could all be marchin under the Linden in Berling by Thanksgiving time at the latest.

But of course you got to consider that we are the real President Wilson when it comes to an outfit and them other draft divisions would not be in our clas, but I guess that if they would put us in the line we would show them how soldiers who didnt put in no clames for exemptun or nothing like that or didnt hurry up and join no N. G. outfit just so as they would get out of the draft, well we would show them what fightin is.

Most of our work in traning now is trench stuff and we got all kinds of specully schols where you lern all this fancy stuff. Of course we had all that stuff back in the states and I guess these officers over here musta that we was playing catch or tiddle dey winks since September back there becaus we are getting a lot of it again. But I should get all het up if they dont want the war to be won right away and want to drag it along.

This morning we was diggin trenches and Barney if I have dug one foot of them ditches I have dug enuf to run between New York and Kansascity. I have dug em with spades, shovels, piets, spoons, mess kits and my fingers. In nine minutes I can dig a trench big enuf to berry Fred Fultin and Jess Willart together in and if the war coulda been won by diggin trenches it woulda been over in 1915. And here they bring us clean over here to Franse and put us at diggin fancy trick trenches agin. Its just show, eh Barney.

Then we do all kinds of stunts here and have schols for the bombers, and automatic rifle men, and grenaders and Stocks mortar batteres, etc, etc. I gotto hand it to them Stocks morters becaus they are lilies of the del, Barney.

They look like a 4 inch gas pipe about two and a half feet long pointed up and they drop a shell about a foot long in there and at the bottom of the shell there is a shot gun cartridge; and you drop in this shell at the muzzle and when the shot gun cartridge hits the pin at the bottom of the barrel it goes off and the charge fires the whole shell out of the gun.

Well you can watch it go thru the air tumblin one end over the other and when it explodes the shell rips apart in about 200 long jagged peeces and it certainly is some little hunn joy killer. We are all going to have those things. Then we got a lot of these automatic rifles and machine guns and a goodele of our schols is teachin how all these things work together.

Well Barney I guess if I tell you any more I will run a fowl of the sensur and I have run a fowl of enough birds without bumping into him. Bone swar,

BENNIE.

#### Good Advice for Gertie.

Ymea hut  
Tuesday

DEAR GERTIE: Well old pal I guess before many days you will be reading about us being in the trenches and fighting them yellow hunns and I guess before long they will have to date the despatches from Germany to. And I guess maybe we will not be glad or nothing like that when they turn us lose and tell us to go get them birds.

Of course I suppose some people back home and especully some girls is going to be worried a lot about some solder boys they are interested in becaus maybe they would come back without no left leg or maybe some of them would not never come back at all. Well Gertie that is part of the game and it is why girls should never do nothing that would worry there solder boys and especully should never run around with the wrong kind of fellows at home.

Of course there is some nice fellas that no solder would mind his girl being with, like nice boys who aint strong or man enuf to pass the fical examinatus, but when it comes to a fine girl being with such characters as Marenes or even some Blue Jakits theif that is what makes solders in Franse sore. And I have herd a lot of us boys over here say them same things.

But I guess you would never hear none of us do any kicking about it or making any suggestions to our girls. If they want to run around when a solders back is turned and he is way over here across the briney deep then go ahead, say we, and we will merry some beutiful French maiden

and settle down here after the war is over and take life easy.

But of course as far as I am concerned Gertie you know I was just spoofing and if some of these French dames would come up to me laiden with jewels and with a bank book thicker than the Enclipetia Britanaka I certainly would give them the marry ha ha and tell them that there was a little fancy persun back home who was going to ware all the medals I get and that if they wanted a forrin solder to go look up some of them Porchagese.

Well old pal I wisht you could see me all dolled up like a gamblers bride in my new spirel leggins and my new Oversees cap. We aint waring them old canvas leggins no more but we got new cloth putees like officers used to ware and we also dont ware our campagne hats but got fine little caps now that look something like our winter caps was, only they are smaller and lots neeter, and of course we got our tin lids which is another name for our steal helmets. Everybody says we certainly are some good looking solders now.

Well I wisht you could see us or rather me. But no chance now I guess and I will have to wait too, so by by. Your old

JAZZ TUNE BENNIE.

#### Real Comfort in Y. M. C. A. Hut.

Ymea hut  
Tuesday night

DEAR MAMA: Well I come over here to this Ymea hut a little while ago and at 8 o'clock there is going to be an entertainment by some singers and dancers but I guess I got time to write you a little letter before that comes off.

I dont know whether I told you about these Ymea huts before Mama but they certainly are bare cats and they do a lot of good for us solders over here in Franse. Of course in the big towns and the ports and places like that they got big buildings but mostly out in the country they got either plane wood huts or else they are long square tents of doble canvas and inside it is all fixed up like a Ymea hut back home.

They got tables to write on and a piano and maybe a fonograf and then they got a little counter at one end where boys can buy tobacco and chocolate and gum and things like that, and of course they give away all the writing paper like this Im using and then they always got big piles of magazines and papers all free for nothing.

Then most every night they have free entertainments of some kind and mostly it is speckers telling about why we are at war and telling a lot of yarnes, or maybe it is some actor or dancers or fine piano players or something like that. Then of course they have a lot of pictur shows with perty good films, so that a fello has got somewhere to go most every night.

Solders do a lot of kickin Mama and every once in a while you here solders kickin about the Ymea just like they kick about the wether and everything, but they dont mene nothing by it and if solders was not always kickin they would not be feelin well and it would be a bad sine that they was about to be sick.

So you never want to pay much attention to what you here solders say when they are kickin. Well Mama I guess the show is about redly to start so I will have

to close now. Love to all. Your own,  
SOLDER BOY BENNIE.

#### More K. P.—But He Doesn't Care.

Bilet, Franse Wednesday

DEAR BARNEY: Well old pal who do you suppose has crost my traile over here in Franse. Well it is nobody but that bird Sam who used to be one of them newspaper correspondents out at the camp back home and who wrote me up in his paper worst and made me look like I was a sucker.

Along back in January that bird left his paper becaus I guess he was afraid he was goin to be drafted and he got in the training school for officers out at the camp and I hope I get shot in the back Barney if he did not steel a commision of a second lutenant. And honest old pal that bird would have a hard time to be a private.

Fisically he aint nothing at all, being about six and a half feet tall and I bet he dont wegh more than 140 pounds with his winter underware on. About the only good he would be in a retreat and I bet that he could set a pase that would run every hunn to deth.

Well when I left the states I thot that I had got rid of this bird Sam but who should come out to the training field today and go right in and take charge of the sectun I was in but this peace of Swis. And here he was acting as a kind of an instructor.

At the time we was praetising going over the top and doing what they call a baynut corse. We would fire five rounds and then get out of the trench, run thru some wire, stab some dummies, jump some shell holes, clean out a trench and then fire some more rounds.

Well we had been doing it as good as anybody and was getting along fine when this bird come out with his yellow second lutenant bars all shined up like he was a generil or something. Right away he ordered us to do it again for him and this time I accidently slipt and fell and somehow the safety on my rifle was not workin and my rifle shot off and even if the bullet didnt come nearer than a foot or two of the man in front of me this bird come running up and give me hel—

"You might have killed an officer just as easy as not," he said.

"Well I guess that wouldnt make no difference nohow would it, especully if he was a second lutenant," I said. "It would be perty bad if there was a solder killed becaus solders is scarce but they got more second lutenants than the sands has sea shores."

"I guess I will recommend to your captan that you go on K. P. for your impudence," he said. "I see that you are still fresh as ever despite you sea trip over here."

"Yes, the salt in the sea kept me nice and fresh," I said back. Then I picked up my rifle and run on up to where the rest of the bunch was.

Well when I got back to my bilet the sargent told me I was down for six days K. P.—six more days kitchenpolice, all on acct. of that bird Sam. But I should worry about a little thing like 6 more days, becaus if you had a buck for every day I done K. P. since last September you could travel around the world dey lukey twice and still have enuf dow left to run up to Niagger Falls and over to the Jameston Flood.

But just the same I will get even with this fresh second lutenant and when I get my reveng it will be some sweet to, Barney.

BENNIE.

#### Vengeance in Sight.

Ymea hut Thursday.

BARNEY: Well old pal it looks like I had a sceame that would settle up all back accounts with this bird Sam and put me way ahead of the game besides. You know that insted of me doing strate K. P. work this time that I was assigned to wate on the captans table and take over the food from our mess kitchen to his headquarters and etc. Our captan always eats the same grub we get and me being assigned to do this work has certainly put a lot of fine cards in my hand. Well here is the sceame.

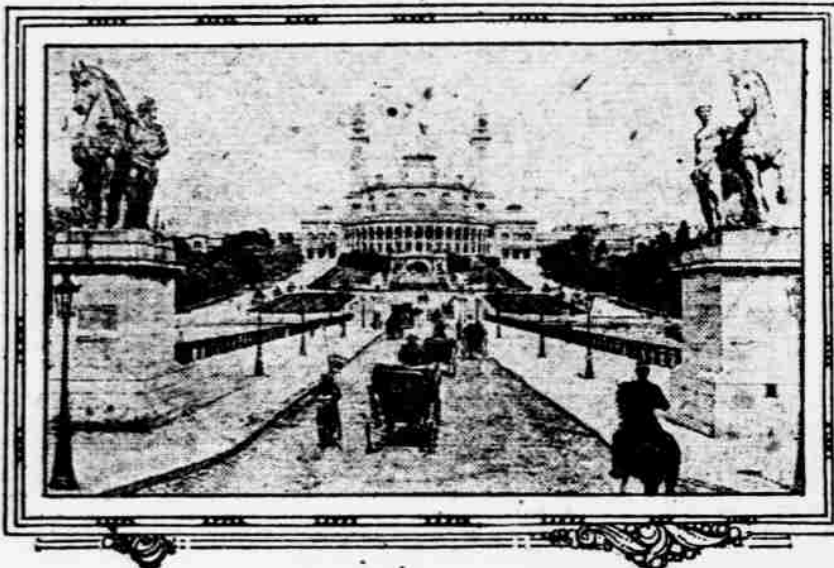
Tonite we are going to have soup for supper mess and I am going to stumble when I go into the room where the officers etc and I am going to spill about two qarts of this hot soup all over this Sam and of course I will feel very sorry about it and everybody will say it was a mistake and they will all say "Ah, thats to bad but we know you did not mene it Bennie."

Some little sceame, eh Barney, and I guess I will lern this Sam to lay offn me from now on and not pull any of his brite stuff on me ever again.

Well so long Barney and may the soup be hot.

BENNIE.

## Wilson Honored by Paris



The new Avenue Wilson in Paris, formerly the Avenue du Trocadero.

IT is just as well that the Paris Municipal Council in honoring the American President by giving his name to the thoroughfare heretofore known as the Avenue du Trocadero did not adopt the Christian as well as the surname, which is the French custom. For there is no W in the Gallie alphabet, and the name Avenue Voodrow Veel-some might not always be easily recognizable to foreign ears.

Jules J. Jusserand, long the French Ambassador in Washington, and his American wife doubtless took a personal interest in the news of the selection of this particular avenue to bear the President's name, for the Jusserands' Paris home is at 28 Avenue du Trocadero, or Avenue Wilson, as it has now become.

The avenue is barely more than half a mile long, but it is an attractive thoroughfare, in an American neighborhood. In the Place d'Iena, which it pierces, is a noble equestrian statue of Washington by Daniel French, erected eighteen years ago at the cost of American women. Two blocks north of the Place d'Iena, reached by the Avenue d'Iena, is the Place des Etats-Unis, where stands a fine bronze group of Washington and Lafayette by Bartholdi, who designed the Statue of Liberty. This was presented by Americans in 1896 to commemorate the aid given America by France in the Revolution.

In the Avenue Wilson also is the Musee Galliera, an imposing building in the Italian Renaissance style, containing the nucleus of a municipal art collection but now devoted mainly to temporary exhibitions of works of applied arts. Lamartine, the French poet and statesman, died in 1869 in a house at 135 Avenue du Trocadero, which the city had placed at his disposal in his declining years. In the old Hotel Valentinois, in Rue Raynouard, a neighboring street, Benjamin Franklin lived during his stay in Paris, and the present American Embassy is in the same quarter.

Trocadero is the name given to a

height along the banks of the Seine and is so called from one of the forts of Cadiz captured by the French in 1823. The avenue stretches from the Palais du Trocadero northeastward to the Place de l'Alma.

The palace is a huge building erected just before the universal exhibition of 1878. It is in the Oriental style and is flanked by two minarets each 230 feet high. It contains important museums of comparative sculpture and of ethnography.

On the site was once the garden of a convent, but for many years it was a barren waste. Since the 1878 exposition the slopes have been laid out in charming terraced gardens, with a cascade which falls from the balcony of the palace toward the Seine.

Beautiful avenues radiate from this centre, so that the Palace of the Trocadero is seen at the end of splendid vistas. The Avenue Kleber leads to the Arc de Triomphe and the Avenue Malakoff to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

In front of the palace the Pont d'Iena crosses the Seine to the Eiffel Tower. This bridge was constructed in 1809 to commemorate the victory at Jena. Blucher resolved to destroy it after the battle of Waterloo and actually set men to work upon preparations for blowing it up. In vain did Count von der Goltz, representing his own King, intercede with him in the name of Talleyrand. The rough Marshal replied in his own hand:

"I have determined to destroy the bridge and I cannot conceal from your Excellency how much pleasure it would afford me if M. Talleyrand would previously station himself on it."

The bridge would have gone had Wellington himself not intervened, pointing out to Blucher that the act would be a violation of the pledge which guaranteed the preservation of monuments of the French victories until the arrival of the allied sovereigns.